

# REPUBLICANS VOTE TODAY

Polls Open From 3 Till  
9 o'clock.

## LIVELY CONTEST LIKELY

Caucuses in Many Precincts Last  
Night Bring Out a Big  
Crowd.

Republicans will vote today all over Hawaii. The election will be a primary for the purpose of electing delegates to a district convention and the polls will be open from 3 o'clock this afternoon until 9 o'clock tonight. Besides in each precinct there are contests for club officers and internal organization. The district committees elected are to meet in their respective districts on the 6th and 7th of September and elect the following officers: President, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and such others and standing committees as they shall be entitled to and also their delegates to the Territorial convention, in accordance with the following:

First District	12
Second District	12
Third District	12
Fourth District	12
Fifth District	12
Sixth District	12

There is a promise of lively fights in more than one precinct, and the upholders of good government promise to be out in force. The Territorial convention for which the district committees elected tomorrow, will choose delegates, will be held on Thursday and Friday, September 20 and 21. There is a movement on foot to take this convention to Hilo and it depends largely upon the personnel of the delegates chosen today as to whether Honolulu will have the honor or the Rainy City. After this convention and before the first day of October the district committees are to meet to nominate representatives and senators from their districts.

Last night in most of the precincts of the 4th and 5th districts caucuses were held, officers nominated and plans laid for action today. The following is as complete a list as possible of the nominations and committees in the precincts of the Fourth district, and in several of the Fifth district:

### FOURTH DISTRICT, SECOND PRECINCT.

New Beretania School—The following nominations for permanent officers, to be elected today, were made: President, J. A. Gilman; secretary, J. H. Fisher; treasurer, J. A. Case and J. A. Logan; judges, W. B. Atherton and W. A. Bowen; judges, W. O. Atwater, J. A. Thompson, E. R. Hendry, F. C. Atherton, E. O. White, George F. G. B. McClelland, F. S. Dodge; delegates to district committee, W. H. Hooper, George McLeod, J. A. Kumalo, J. B. Atherton, Chas. Wilcox, L. Andrews, Wm. Haywood, J. W. Jones, J. M. Kea, C. B. Wilson, A. Brown. The following resolution was adopted: Resolved, That it is the sense of the Republicans of the Second Precinct of the Fourth District that, while fully appreciating the laudable ambition and courtesy of our fellow Republicans of Hawaii, it would be unwise to have the Territorial convention held at Hilo this year.

### FOURTH DISTRICT, THIRD PRECINCT.

Reservoir building, Nuuanu avenue—The following nominations for permanent officers were made: President, Mark Robinson; secretary, J. de Roo; treasurer, F. McIntyre; judges, Jonathan Shaw, Henry Waterhouse, H. M. Mott-Smith; delegates to the district committee, Mark Robinson, Henry Waterhouse, H. M. Mott-Smith.

### FOURTH DISTRICT, FOURTH PRECINCT.

Fort Street School—The following nominations for permanent officers were made: President, W. C. King; vice president, Homer Wright; secretary, H. C. Morton; treasurer, W. H. Wright; executive committee, A. G. M. Robertson, B. S. Gregory, A. V. Gear, David Naholewa, C. L. Crabbe; judges, H. H. Williams, D. L. Naone, James Nott, Jr.; for delegates to district committee, C. F. True, C. L. Crabbe, E. H. May, A. V. Gear, James Nott, Jr., B. S. Gregory, David Naholewa, George Rosa, B. L. Naone, A. Nelson. Fourteen new members were elected, making 173 in all. Judges were instructed to have printed ballots for today's election.

### FOURTH DISTRICT, FIFTH PRECINCT.

Drill-shed—The following nominations for permanent officers were made: President, Oliver Swain; secretary, Gustave Rose; treasurer, E. J. Healy; for delegates to the district committee, Al. Moore, Albert Trank, O. C. Lewis, Wm. Coney, Samuel Johnson, J. Keokiki; judges, Gus Rose, D. K. Naone, J. H. Mahoney. On motion, the chairman was instructed to appoint an enrolling committee of three; O. C. Lewis called the meeting to order.

### FOURTH DISTRICT, SIXTH PRECINCT.

Chamber of Commerce—The following nominations for permanent officers to be elected today were made: President, Frank L. Hoogs; secretary, L. H. Wolf; treasurer, Dr. G. W. Burgess; delegates to district committee, Dr. G. W. Burgess, L. H. Wolf, Dr. C. B. Cooper, T. E. Krouse, Frank L. Hoogs. Precinct entitled to but three delegates; five nominated; no opposition for permanent officers.

### FIFTH DISTRICT, SEVENTH PRECINCT.

Keolu School—Meeting held Thursday night. The following nominations for permanent officers were made: President, Judge W. L. Wilcox; vice president, Dr. George H. Huddy; secretary, J. W. Sherwood; treasurer, Wong Leong; delegates to district committee, E. C. Winston, J. L. Holt and T. McCann; Stewart, T. McCann. Stewart offered the following resolution: "Resolved, That we present to the Territorial and Representative Conventions the names of W. C. Achi and J. L. Kaulukou for Senators; and S. M. Damon and H. R. Hitchcock for Representatives, and heartily urge their nomination." W. R. Sims opposed the resolution, but, after a lengthy discussion, it was adopted. He then offered a resolution presenting the name of Judge W. L. Wilcox as Delegate to Congress. T. McCann seconded the resolution in a speech which was heartily applauded, and the resolution passed unanimously amidst great demonstration.

### FIFTH DISTRICT, EIGHTH PRECINCT.

W. C. Achi's house—Meeting Thursday

night. The following nominations for permanent officers were made: W. C. Achi, president; C. F. Peterson, vice president; N. Fernandez, treasurer; P. Silva, secretary. W. C. Achi, C. F. Peterson and Chas. B. Dwight were nominated as delegates to the district committee. Elections and appointments were made as follows: Judges, C. B. Dwight, James Harbottle and R. M. Duncan; tellers, V. Fernandez and Geo. S. Evans; enrollment committee, W. L. Peterson, J. Harbottle, J. M. Keane, Chas. B. Dwight, R. M. Duncan, Geo. S. Evans and Ben. Haahao.

### FIFTH DISTRICT, NINTH PRECINCT.

Kauluwela School House—The following nominations for permanent officers to be elected today were made: President, W. O. Smith and J. T. de Bolt; W. O. Smith withdrew; secretary, S. K. Ka-ne; treasurer, A. G. McInerney; enrollment committee, J. R. Galt, W. J. Coelho, Captain M. Costa; delegates to district committee, F. T. P. Waterhouse, George R. Carter, J. T. de Bolt, W. J. Coelho, S. K. Ka-ne, J. A. Hughes. Subscriptions raised, \$16.

### FIFTH DISTRICT, TENTH PRECINCT.

Kauluwela School—The following nominations for permanent officers were made: President, J. L. Kaulukou; vice president, E. J. Wilson; secretary and treasurer, W. H. Crawford; judges, A. Holster, Charles Broad, J. Xavier; delegates to district committee, E. J. Wilson, J. L. Kaulukou, W. H. Crawford, Enoch Johnson.

### MRS. AGUINALDO.

How the Wife of the Fugitive President Looks and Acts.

The few Americans who have called upon her in Calle San Jose have found a goodlooking Filipino woman, of about thirty years, clad in the graceful dress of the islanders, and resembling thousands of her less prominent race sisters. She is better looking from the Filipino standpoint than from ours; she is plump, pleasant faced, and, to her country folks, distinctly attractive. She will not talk Spanish with a foreigner; it is said she can speak this language, but does not care to do so. To hold converse with her it is necessary to enlist the service of a Tagalog interpreter.

Today "la Senora Presidente" has the appearance of a woman who has suffered, nor is the term of her unhappiness yet past. Her eyes, with their expression of sadness and dejection, show her distress of mind. For this there is due cause. Her husband is probably a fugitive, hiding in the mountains, and every day lessens his chances of ultimate pardon at our hands if we capture him. He may be dead; if he still lives he is in danger every minute of the day, wherever he may be. I do not believe Mrs. Aguinaldo herself knows where he is, nor that she has heard from him since she came to Manila. She is fully aware of the dangers which surrounded him in the Igorrote country when she left him last Christmas, because it was the unmistakable hostility of these same Igorotes that decided her to seek the protection of our lines. She lost her infant daughter last November, and later her three-year-old son died in Bacoor. The death of her son is an established fact, but for the present those who surround Mrs. Aguinaldo have deemed it wise to withhold from her the confirmation of this news. She has heard that Miguel died in Bacoor, but the assertions of her friends to the contrary are half convincing, so she broods on the matter, wondering why the child is not brought from the country to see her. In a couple of months the reason for this present secrecy will have passed; there will then have arrived a new member of the Aguinaldo family, and the mother's attention will be diverted from the children who have died.

During the long weeks that Mrs. Aguinaldo was under guard she could receive no visitors; her mail was withheld, and only one member of her household was allowed to go out to do the daily marketing. The provost marshal of Manila said to Mrs. Aguinaldo that this was done in order to protect her from annoyance or any possible unpleasant occurrence. But in spite of this precaution she never considered such protection necessary; she has many friends and relations in and about Manila, and she has never been apprehensive that they would annoy her in any way.

Before the guards were removed from their house the women were warned by the provost marshal to be most careful to observe strict neutrality in word as well as in deed. They were particularly cautioned against talking with correspondents of American newspapers, and it was made plain to them that their present liberty was dependent upon a close observance of these warnings. They are afraid the guards may be sent back to their door any day, and they are consequently most careful to respect the provost marshal's admonitions at all times.

"I think you Americans are at times very clumsy deceivers," said Mrs. Aguinaldo lately. "I remember the officer who accompanied us down from Talubin to Vigan—after we lost our horses we had to continue our journey carried in chairs by Igorrote porters, whom we paid from our own pockets. The first night after our horses disappeared this officer said he would write a letter to somebody somewhere and see if he could get them back."

"Later he showed me the note, written on a page of his notebook, and then sent it off by a native runner. The next evening I saw him, again writing, and soon he came around to show me what he said was a note he had received in reply to his of the night before, and which explained that nothing had been seen of the missing animals. But I could see that the second note was in the same handwriting and on similar paper to the first; it was a clumsy piece of trickery that would not have deceived a child."—Harper's Bazar.

### THE GAY MARINE.

The gay marine said to his girl,—"The words I speak are true—That when I go to war again I'm going to Taku."

"But," quoth the maid, "I cannot go; It would not do you, you see. It is no place for girls, that war; So how can you take me?"

"I will not," said the gay marine; "Yet what I say is true—When next I go to war I swear I'm going to Taku."

And still the maiden shook her head And did not understand. She had not learned the names of things In far-off China-land.

Spruance, Stanley & Co.'s Kentucky Favorite Whiskey & Co.'s gives perfect satisfaction. It is pure, uniform, old and mellow—just like velvet.

# FIFTEEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR

(Continued from Page 1.)

from blows, and one mark on the temple.

"What were these marks like?" "As though caused by something hard; small, not large. He must have been hit by something hard."

"This wound on the temple; was it fresh?" asked Juror Templeton.

"Yes, as though recently inflicted."

BARNEY ON THE STAND.

Then the defendant went on the stand to tell his story to the jury.

"Your full name?"

"Samuel Barney."

"What is your business?"

"Railroading."

"How long have you been in the employ of the Oahu Railway?"

"Prior to August 12th, had you had any feeling against John W. Lorbeer?"

"None whatever."

"You have heard the statements made by Mr. Brown and Mr. Toms that you would 'fix' Mr. Lorbeer?"

"Barney had been talking in a scarcely audible tone, but he raised his voice at this and said decidedly: 'I never did.'"

"What was the occasion of your buying that pistol?"

"I was told by Mr. Dennison shortly after I was employed by the company to go to the rock cut as quick as I could. I went to the wharf and got the cars necessary, and the engineer went to take water at the tanks. Another engine was in the way, and I gave him a signal to get out of the way. As they passed me the Portuguese said, 'G—' you are the first you go the other way."

"In the first place, he had no occasion to speak to me at all, for it was the engineer, not him, that was at fault."

"Had you any trouble with him the morning of the shooting?"

"After I got up I went by the engine where the Portuguese was working. I saw him and told him the next time he had anything to say, to come down on the ground. Then he climbed on the engine and I followed him. He had a wrench and he ordered me off the engine and I got off."

"When he came back to the time just before the shooting, tell us what happened?"

"I saw that Portuguese and I went up to him and slapped him. He ran across the tracks and shouted to Lorbeer, 'Johnnie, did you see that man hit me?'"

"The train came backing down with Lorbeer on it, and as he nearly reached me, he said, 'What's the matter with you?' And I said, 'Nothing's the matter with me, Johnnie.'"

"Then what happened?" asked Mr. Andrews.

"As the car passed me I felt a glancing blow on the side of the neck. I wasn't thinking of Lorbeer's striking me, for he didn't have any reason to. I turned around and got another blow in the chest. I felt a sharp pain as though I had been stabbed. He was striking me with both fists then, and I was half falling backwards and half dazed by the blows, and I pulled my revolver, thinking that I was going to be rolled under the car, and I fired to save myself. He grabbed the gun then and I don't know how the other shot was fired. It was a double-action gun, and I may have pulled the trigger, or it may have gone off on account of his grabbing it. Then I fell backwards with Lorbeer on top of me. We struggled there for a minute, then Lorbeer called, 'Why don't some of you fellows help me?' Then others came and they took the gun away."

"When you were taken to the police station you were searched, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Andrews picked up the setting alleged to have been from Lorbeer's sea ring."

"Does this belong to you?" he asked.

"No," replied Barney, he asked.

"Where did you first see it?"

"It dropped from my clothing when I was searched."

"Had you any trouble with Lorbeer prior to the day of the shooting?" asked Mr. Cathcart.

"No, no more than a little friction. Nothing serious."

"Did you ever say to Brown or Dods that you would 'fix' Lorbeer?"

"I never used any such expression about him in my life."

"Had you been drinking the morning of the shooting?" asked Juror Templeton.

BARNEY WAS SOBER.

"No, I had not drank anything that morning."

"Where did you railroad before?" asked Juror Templeton.

"In the States."

"And it is the custom in the States for the railroads to provide their men with revolvers, is it not; especially on freight trains?"

"Yes, because of the tramps that they often meet with and have trouble with."

"You say you never had any trouble with Lorbeer?" resumed Juror Templeton.

"How do you explain the fact that Lorbeer shot you?"

"I don't understand it at all, for he had no reason to, unless it was over the Portuguese boy."

"It is well for the jury to be careful in their questions," interposed Judge Sullivan, just here, "for counsel do not object to any questions that may be asked."

"I am willing to answer any questions they may wish to ask me," said Barney, simply.

This was all, and Barney left the stand.

"We rest," announced Andrews.

### IN ARKANSAS.

I is a great believer in furrin misins, but hit do me no good ter see a heathen in a beaver hat en a fur overcoat whilst I is projeklin' roun' in a hick'ry-stripe shirt. Some folks want all de gold dat you kin dig fer 'um; but w'en hit come ter diggin' it deyest' dey gits a centifical f'm de doctor, sayin' whad dey needs is rest. Ef de rich man give all he had ter de po'r he'd hatter tu'n right roun' en ax de po'r ter lend him a dollar. En w'en dat come ter pass de po'r would tell him ter go 'long en work fer his livin'.



THE arrival of the Siam in port reminds an automobilist of a sea voyage he had on that United States transport, just a year ago. It was the voyage between Honolulu and Manila in which 356 valuable Army mules and horses were killed in one night during the terrible typhoon which struck the vessel off the north coast of Luzon. The automobilist was aboard the vessel and enjoyed the sensation of attempting to feel happy while the vessel turned somersaults and other acrobatic gyrations to the grand requiem of a howling typhoon. He did feel happy—when the storm abated and the carcasses of the 356 animals were heaved overboard to the school of sharks which followed in the vessel's wake. That first voyage of the Siam would have been a record breaker had it not been for that typhoon. The vessel had battled in the tail-end of one typhoon which almost made her touch at Guam several hundred miles out of her course. Despite the rough usage which the animals received in the first storm, Captain O'Neill, the Army quartermaster, had an opportunity to make a record trip. Luzon had been sighted and the ship's captain was cruising around slowly, waiting for the lighthouse lamp to flare up. It never came for the Philippines had destroyed the light. At 11 o'clock the night of September 30, the typhoon came—with a rush. The vessel pointed into it to the northwest and stayed with the hell-blown blasts for four days, and came out of it all right, but without the valuable cargo. All but sixteen animals were killed. They lay in heaps about the decks with broken necks, impaled on stanchions, crushed beneath the weight of others, while down below decks, some had been smothered by the battened-down hatches. The fifty-seven cowboys who composed the pack and wagon trains worked like heroes during those four night of peril, assisting the maimed animals to their feet, taking shifts in the fire room until bruised, cut and worn out physically they were called off by Captain O'Neill to places of safety when the storm became fiercest. That was when the vessel refused to answer her helm and lay tossed in the trough of the sea and at the mercy of the terrible cross seas. Waves would smash her bow causing her to tremble like an aspen leaf and suddenly a monster wave would lift the stern high out of the water and then as suddenly slam her down upon her side. At nights when the roar of the waves and wind made it impossible to hear or speak, when the electric light plant had been demolished and lanterns were crushed, when the moans and groans of animals could be heard in every part of the ship—veritable nights of terror—and when the smell of putrifying flesh made strong men faint, where were the ship's officers? Captain Reich, and his two mates, Xigga and Stepanovitch, enveloped in oil skins through which the spume from the water drove to their skins, stood upon the bridge directing the helmsman, watching the compass and staring out ahead as far as the waste would allow them. There were rocks ahead, the needle Ballingtang rocks which were dreaded. Not for an instant did the three officers leave the vessel's bridge during the first twelve hours of the storm. Two remained upon the bridge and the other caught a few moments sleep in the chart room, and so it continued. Captain Xigga, who now commands the Siam, looked aged and careworn when the fight was finished. He said never in his twenty-five years of sea experience had he ever been in such a typhoon.

THE automobilist yesterday met a theater goer who had attended the Orpheum the night before. He is a stranger in Honolulu but has seen the sights. The hula was witnessed by him the night after his arrival in Honolulu.

"What strikes me as a queer thing," said he, "is that it is allowed to be danced upon the boards of a public theater. It is all right in its place with the proper surroundings, but when a 'coon' actress who has been in the city only a few weeks, attempts to render the hula in rag-time, I think it is about time to draw the line. In fact, when performed by an amateur and in such a public place as the Orpheum, it is not far removed from being disgusting. Almost every motion made by this 'coon' actress is patterned upon the hula but is five times more disgusting. I have learned one thing, and that is a foreigner in attempting to dance it, lacks the elements which give any modesty to it. What I have seen upon the Orpheum stage is enough to make anyone blush and I am of the opinion that the management had best curb the hula aspirations of its actresses and actors."

The two women approached a remnant counter in one of Honolulu's dry goods stores. They came from opposite directions, and each, oblivious of the other, had her eyes glued to a small piece of pique. Simultaneously they clutched it from opposite sides of the counter, and then glared at each other defiantly.

"How much is this?" asked one, catching the eye of a saleswoman.

"Twenty cents a yard. It's the very best pique," was the reply.

"I'll take it," said the other woman.

"Indeed, you'd do nothing of the sort," remonstrated the one who had asked the price.

They were both still clutching it. "It's just what I want—just enough to make a sailor collar and a shield for a blouse."

"Why, that's exactly what I want it for," said the other woman, "and it's just enough—about three-quarters of a yard."

"Well, you can't have it," snapped the first woman.

The situation was becoming serious when the saleswoman produced a yardstick and measured the remnant.

"Why, it's a yard and a half," she said. "There's enough for both of you."

It had been a busy day in the office. A steamer had arrived from Hawaii

with files of Hilo papers; there had been two runaways and a dog fight during the afternoon, and to crown everything a suburbanite from Waikiki had blown in to tell the editor-in-chief a weird story about a five-legged colt which had just been born to a mare of which he was the owner.

The editorial staff was dealing with the emergency with its customary zeal and acumen and the linotypes were being kept hot.

Presently there stumbled up the stairs and halted in front of the city editor's desk, a clerical looking individual, attired in a suit of seedy black.

"What can we do for you, sir?" courteously enquired the city editor.

After some hesitancy the seedy one explained that he had come to obtain a little information about the race of Omar Khayyam.

"Horse editor over in that corner," snorted the city editor, sniffing at the word "race," "take it to him."

With trembling footsteps, he of the funeral aspect wandered over to the lair of the sporting editor who was busily engaged in writing a treatise on gents' shirt waists.

"Well, what is it?" testily exclaimed the sporty one, spitting a bunch of straw from his mouth as he spoke.

The seeker after Omariian information stated the object of his visit and withdrew a couple of yards beyond armslength.

"Omar Khayyam, Omar Khayyam," repeated the horse scribe, "don't know any such horse, wait a minute and I'll plance through the Official Form Book; how is he bred? Do you remember? And who owns him? Very strange! Guess he never ran round the Coast tracks; must be some blamed foreigner."

Then did the seedy one feel it incumbent upon him to explain that Omar Khayyam was the name of a famous poet and not a horse and that he wanted information as to his genealogy and not about any speed contest. After making his explanation, he executed a masterly retreat as if fearful of wrath to come.

Then the horse editor beat his head vehemently against the wall and lamented long and indecently, while a deep gloom brooded over the office.

There are some Chinese physicians in this city who have taken degrees in their profession in American universities and are qualified in every way for the practice of their profession. But there are also others who may be classed in the genus "quack," and some of the documents and reports that these men turn in to the Health Department are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The other day a Chinese named Chun Jip died at one of the relief camps and his case was attended by some mystery and caused a good sized scare in that vicinity for the report went forth that he had been ill with the plague. When the case was investigated by the officials and Dr. Garvin had held an autopsy it was learned that the man had died of peritonitis. A Chinese physician had attended the man after his death and on the strength of this he sent in a death certificate that caused much amusement at the Health Board for it announced the cause of death to have been "slow heart disease."

Anent the swearing of Orientals as witnesses by the form of oath usual among Christians, A. L. C. Atkinson, who appeared on behalf of Amimoto, the Japanese who was tried before Judge Silliman for murder, has most decided opinions.

"This thing of expecting these men to tell the truth when they are sworn as Christians is not right," says 'Jack,' "for they don't believe in the sanctity of a Christian oath any more than we should in one taken on the Koran or by the bones of Buddha. They tell the story of a Chinese once who had been an interested witness to the methods employed in an English court where it is the custom to kiss the Book instead of lifting the hand when sworn. Finally the Chinese was called to give his testimony, and he was questioned as to his religion and asked whether he believed in the Christian oath."

"You better," he replied cheerfully, "make no diff. Allus same. Me kilum looster, tossum coin, burnum joss stick, smellum book. Alle samee."

Not everybody knows that Allan Herbert, the silver-haired but ever young host of Kailhi, is a Forty-niner. But he is. Mr. Herbert was one of the first of the pioneer band and he was not long in making a strike. With a fellow prospector he found a pocket on the South Fork of the Yuba from which he took sixty-four pounds of pure gold worth \$16 an ounce. This was packed in an old pair of woolen drawers and carried to Nevada City where it was turned into cash. Young Herbert went back home, then voyaged to Europe and saw all that was worth seeing there and in course of time went broke. He thought it would be an easy matter to find more gold in California so he sought the Sierras again. "I worked hard for two years," says the Sage of Kailhi with a reminiscent smile, "and at the end of that time I was in debt for my grub."

Passers by the grounds surrounding the Judiciary building about 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning saw a curious sight. In the branches of an algaroba tree near Queen street two of the local variety of murmuring doves were fighting. Quite a large crowd gathered to witness the strange combat, but the two birds showed no signs of fear but continued to fight. For ten minutes by the clock on the Judiciary building did the feathered warriors strive together until the ground immediately under the scene of battle was strewn with blood. Several small boys tried to kill the birds with stones, many volleys of which were precipitated in their direction without disturbing them until finally a missile better aimed than the others frightened one of the combatants away. Soon afterwards the other fell to the ground, gave a convulsive flutter or two and lay dead. Examination showed that his eyes had been pecked out. Hereafter it is anticipated that poets who persist in rhyming "love" with "dove" will be speedily suppressed.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES  
TODAY FROM 3 TO 9 P. M.

It had been a busy day in the office. A steamer had arrived from Hawaii

# THE ORPHEUM THEATRE

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Monday and  
Thursday  
Evenings.

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